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SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS
THE AMERICAN HUMANE
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The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
—COWPER



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January, 1929

No. 1

We are glad to see reported the good news from England that the gland experiments of the type of the monkey-gland man Voronoff have been banned in England. England's Home Secretary is the authority for the statement.

Someone with a sense of humor has suggested that the long continued grafting into humans of monkey glands might put the whole race of mankind ultimately back into the trees. The wheel then would surely have gone full circle.

Among the pitiful stories told of this season's slaughtering of deer in Massachusetts is that of the little doe found standing in the wood, blinded by a shot that had left it worse than helpless. Better far if death had ended its short career.

There are some people too busy, too enthusiastic, they give you no rest. Of Madame de Stael some one said that Talleyrand might have said of her as he did of Napoleon, "He who would give that man a little laziness would be a benefactor of the universe."

A friend writes us from a far away state, enclosing his check to have *Our Dumb Animals* sent to some young lads and for our general work, "If everybody was an advanced scholar in Humane Education, what a wonderful place this world would be to live in. There would be many empty jails and hospitals, idle warships and deserted army camps." Nothing could be truer.

There has just been sent us a horrible photograph of an experiment performed at Moscow, Russia, by Soviet scientists—Heaven save the mark! No, we won't describe it, it's too revolting. What crimes are committed in the name of science! Some day so-called science, needlessly prying into life's hidden secrets with no end in view but to gratify curiosity, will be amenable to law like any other criminal.

Wealth and War

OUR Assistant Secretary of War told the Rotary Club of New York some little time ago that he feared the nation's growth in wealth was bound to bring about "a decay of the patriotic and militant spirit." He urged them to "turn a deaf ear to the fallacies of internationalism and pacifism." We are weary of the many things our military friends seek to put over on the unthinking in the name of "patriotism." If to be a pacifist is to loathe and hate war as humanity's supreme idiocy, then we gladly accept the reproach of being a pacifist. If patriotism is such a loyalty to one's country as to fear that the war spirit will ultimately give way before the spirit of good will and conciliation among the nations, then we confess we have never known the real meaning of the word. If internationalism stands for that profound truth that "above all nations is humanity," then we glory in being counted among those who are internationalists. Willingly would multitudes denounced as pacifists die to defend their country from a ruthless and invading foe. Much more willingly we believe than certain of those in high places who, when war does occur, take good pains to keep far back in the rear. Why, in the name of all that's wise and sane and fair, can't we have men at the head of our War Department who seek peace instead of war!

A Great Victory

And It's for Slaughter-house Reform

The House of Lords and the House of Commons in England have just passed for Scotland a bill compelling the effectual stunning of cattle and sheep killed for food. Exception was made in the case of swine; for this, of course, all who worked for the bill were greatly disappointed. Still, it was a long step forward. The exception will have to be omitted soon or late. Friends of this movement are planning to have a similar bill passed for England. How long will the United States refuse to keep pace in this reform with those countries of Europe where stunning is compulsory before the use of the knife? Sooner, we believe, than many think.

Take Heart

THE hosts that move forward under the banner of a wider humanity are moving with a quickened pace. The ranks are filling fast. No longer as this ever enlarging host passes on its way is it met with jeers and ridicule, as when Lord Erskine and Richard Martin in England, and even sixty years ago at the head of their small company marched in our own land Henry Bergh and George T. Angell and that brave woman, Caroline Earle White. Today in every civilized land the cause for which it stands is honored by all the thoughtful and the good. More and more scientist and sage are awakening to the claims upon humanity of that vast world of sentient life bound up with man in creation's plan and purpose. More and more the press of the world opens its columns to tell the story of what is being done for the welfare of toiling, suffering, ill-used, and unfortunate creatures once scarcely thought to have any rights at the hand of man. Learned men assembled in Paris dare discuss the question, "Have Animals Souls?" At Geneva international headquarters have been opened as a general clearing house for humane work. Literature in many tongues is there on exhibition with reports, posters, displays, photographs, and representations of the kind of work being done by societies the world over.

"No civilization is complete," wrote Queen Victoria, "which does not include the dumb and defenseless of God's creatures within the sphere of charity and mercy." These words—in French, German and English—are writ in gold on blue over the doorway of the Geneva Bureau International Humanitaire Zoophile.

Leaders of religious thought in England, among whom are distinguished Bishops, are asking who shall draw the line and tell just where the animal ends and the human begins in life's long record, as years ago they asked where does the divine in life end and the human begin. One Bishop, Russell Wakefield, says, "Can we imagine a future existence in which we shall not be helped to a nobler, an everlastingly developing career by the example and by the companionship of some of our four-footed friends?" "It is more

(Continued on page 10)

Who Killed Brer Rabbit?

WHO killed Brer Rabbit?
 "Why, I!" said Dame Fashion,
 "Since furs are my passion,
 I killed Brer Rabbit."

Who helped and abetted?
 "We, we!" cried her daughters,
 "We called for the slaughters!
 We helped and abetted."

Who wears his fur jacket?
 "We, we!" cried the shoppers,
 "We saved notes and coppers
 To buy his fur jacket!"

What price bought your mantle?
 "Hush! Hush!" said the wearers,
 "You'd best ask the snarers
 What price bought the mantle!"

Who'll be Chief Mourner?
 "Not I!" cried each maiden,
 "My head is blood-laden,
 I dare not be mourner!"
 And all the world said, "It is only a habit,
 A whim, that has tortured our poor Brer
 Rabbit!"

BARBARA EUPHAN TODD

Humane Booth at Sportsmen's Show

"Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
 With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels."
 WORDSWORTH

THE New England conscience really exists. It is stirring. At the N. E. Sportsmen's Show in Boston, Jan. 16-26, the Massachusetts Anti-Steel-Trap Committee will have a booth under the charge of its chairman, Commander Edward Breck, who is also the founder and president of the Anti-Steel-Trap League. It will be entitled "Sportsman-Steel-Trap-Fur-Farmer," and will contrast the barbarity of the still universally used steel-trap with the substitutes for it, namely, humane traps which kill at once or take alive unhurt. It will prove to visitors that the torturing of 25,000 warm-blooded animals, now "legally" carried on every year in Massachusetts, is in direct contradiction of the general law of the state, which jails and heavily fines anybody who "tortures, torments, cruelly kills or deprives of necessary sustenance any animal."

A bill to prevent the use of the cruel kinds of trap will be offered to the next Massachusetts General Court, as well as to other state legislatures, and it becomes all interested in the subject to inform themselves thoroughly concerning it.

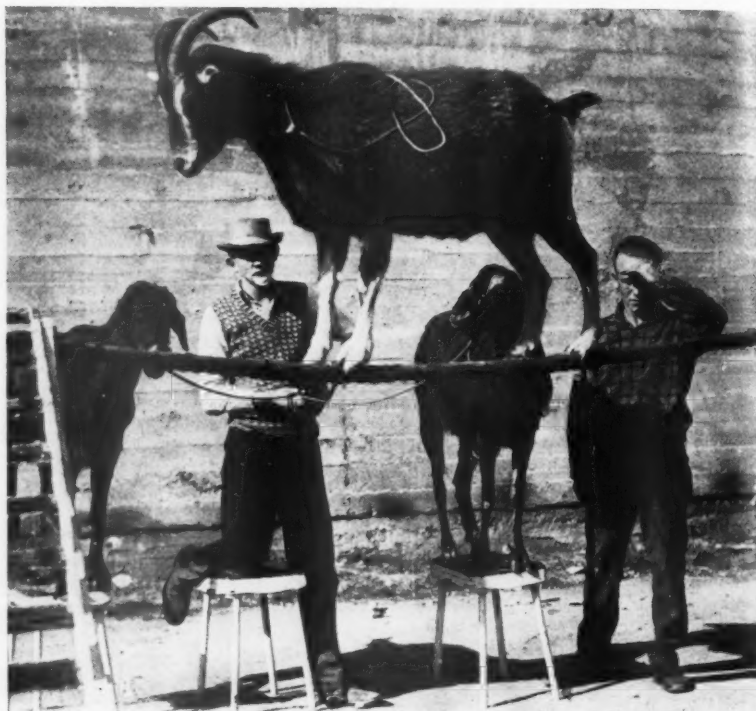
Therefore, visit the Sportsmen's Show at the Mechanics Building in Boston, and show your interest in the humane booth, which is being financed by the humane organizations of the state.

There is an ever-increasing sentiment against the cruelties of the steel trap. Most of the fur bearing animals are highly intelligent, highly sensitive and there is something horrible in the sufferings these animals undergo in traps, often lingering for days with broken legs imprisoned in the cruel jaws of the traps.

A man who would catch a domestic dog in a steel trap and allow it to linger in agony for days would be arrested and heavily fined, but that is the common lot of the fox or mink whose fur adorns the neck of "milady." The fox suffers not a whit less in the trap than would your favorite collie. Why permit it?

—*Evening Sentinel*, Shenandoah, Ia.

What You Should Know About Trained Animals



Wide World Photos

A PERFORMANCE MORE PROVOCATIVE OF PITY THAN PLEASURE

THE Jack London Club in England is fostered by the Performing and Captive Animals' Defence League of which Miss J. Wade is the Secretary. This League has been a strong factor in obtaining, through public sentiment and legislation, the abolition of certain forms of amusement which necessarily involve cruelty to animals. The following statement issued by the League is sound educational doctrine for Jack London Clubs everywhere:

Have you ever thought about the things you do not see at the trained animal shows? First the wild animals have to be caught; this cannot be done by kindness. They have to be trapped in nets, pits and in other ways, all of which are cruel. So great has been the cruelty that the Southern Rhodesian Government has put a stop to all trapping in that territory.

All wild animals used to perfect liberty go nearly mad with fear when caught. The journey is always a terrible thing for them. Sometimes they have to come thousands of miles, by land and sea, in small boxes that cramp their limbs. They suffer from this and from the heat, the jolting, seasickness, and all the time from fear at their strange surroundings.

The "Training" Period

Have you ever thought how this is done? Perhaps you have taught your own dog to do a few little tricks; you have never punished him, but he has soon got to know your word of command; this is because he loves and trusts you. A wild animal neither loves nor trusts human beings; he naturally distrusts and dislikes them, and his hatred is increased by the suffering they inflict on him during his trapping. Many performing wild animals are untamable, that is to say they cannot be

taught by friendliness; there is only one thing they understand—fear.

Have you ever thought why it is that lions and tigers shrink away from the whips, sticks and forks used in the ring? There is nothing in the sight of them to frighten big strong animals. It is because they have been hurt by them that they snarl at them and shrink away from them and obey the man who carries them. They tell you that the training is "all done by kindness," though they admit that years ago it was all done by brutality. We tell you to use your own eyes and common sense, and to ask yourself this simple question: "Why should an animal show fear of a thing if he has never been hurt by it?"

A trainer once said: "If I had ten years to do it in I could train my animal to do anything by kindness, but I have to earn my living now, so he has got to learn as quickly as possible."

Another very well-known trainer said: "How is an animal to become subdued to man except by instilling into it that a human being can always get the best of it in a fight?"

Why Do They Attack Their Trainers?

Ask yourself another question: "Why do these wild animals turn on their trainers if they are all such good friends? Read about the cases when trainers have been attacked. Innumerable instances have occurred. A happy contented beast never tries to attack a person who is always kind to it. Most of the training is done in secret or where they have no laws for the protection of animals. Many cases of cruelty have come to light. What the public does not see is the way the animals are kept in close confinement, and what they do not know is that their only change—it cannot be called relief—from such an unnatural life is at the

two daily performances, when they are driven from their cramped quarters into the glaring arena.

Lions, tigers and pumas, accustomed in their natural state to an active life on immense ranges, are kept in cages only just large enough for them to lie or stand—no exercising space. Bears are kept in their small traveling cages, which means that they have no room at all to walk even their own length.

And What is All This For?

That you may see a few lions or tigers jumping through hoops or getting off one stool on to another; which is not clever or amusing or worth the money you pay for your ticket.

Why should these animals be made to suffer like this? They have never committed any crime, yet they are imprisoned for life in small cages, deprived of their freedom, of air and sunshine, frightened into doing stupid tricks, under the excuse of providing amusement for you.

Think over these things and we feel sure you will not willingly help to torture these beasts by patronizing trained animal shows.

Join the Jack London Club!

"Animal Agony"

Editor *Our Dumb Animals*:

I am tormented by the sight of wild animals confined in wire cages for the amusement of the passing automobilist, who, if he is a person of any sensitiveness whatever, must recoil at the sight of such suffering. The excellent cards which the Mass. S. P. C. A. had printed, calling the attention of persons who used animals for advertising purposes to the misery which they inflict, does not seem to have stopped the horrid business. I wish that an appeal could be printed in the papers, signed by as many names as possible, to the effect that, while this thing cannot be stopped by law, it can be stopped by public opinion! The trouble is that, in fighting this particular expression of human cruelty, we are fighting an instinct as old as humanity itself. I suppose the cave man was delighted when he could catch one of his wild beast enemies, and torment it! We have merely improved on him, by making animal agony a source of business profit.

Sincerely yours,

MARGARET DELAND

Society has formed organizations and appointed bureaus to look after the welfare of creatures more or less at the mercy of the dominant human. That in this era of scientific enlightenment civilized people require such organizations indicates that our progress has been somewhat lopsided. The too-often despised creatures of the field and forest could get along better without man than man could get along without them. Yet the country is still full of lordly individuals who, but for the intervention of the law, would for their sport exterminate the remaining wild life in their natural haunts.

—Los Angeles Times

Wolves and Law

DALLAS LORE SHARP

CIVILIZATION is slowly working into the heart of us, though in many spots it is yet scarcely more than skin deep. Religion, education, and convention bank the fires of savagery; love alone seems able to put them out.

What else is the rodeo but an American version of the Spanish bull-fight? And how far removed from what went on in the Roman Colosseum is much that still goes on at our country fairs? In Louisiana recently, at a Lincoln Parish free fair there was staged an ancient Roman wolf hunt in Colosseum style. A timber wolf that had been for some time in captivity was freed from his cage in the fair grounds before a pack of eight hounds.

"The affair took place," says the newspaper

set upon by hounds in Louisiana to make a Roman holiday! In an ideal world there would be no need for such a law. Speaking by the book, such a law in Louisiana would not have saved the wolf because the people as a whole were not behind it. But that is to say the same thing twice. This is not an ideal world. The people as a whole are never behind the law. Had there been law the Humane Society and that law would have constituted a majority, and this particular exhibition of cruelty, the suffering of this one wolf, would never have taken place.

I have never seen in print a better argument for legislation and education, or a more convincing illustration of their dependent interplay. The very presence of law is a powerful

deterrent, capable of being invoked by a hopeless minority, and in itself an educational agency of incalculable worth. Logically, education must go before the law, but popularly, in this illogical world, education comes slowly on behind.

The unfair, inhuman contest was protested by the Humane Society before it started, and it was suddenly stopped by the protests of the spectators themselves before the hounds had finished their deadly work. The wounded wolf, leaping among the women and children of the grand-stand for sanctuary found it in their human hearts. A wave of pity for the wolf, a sudden sense of outrage at the unequal odds against the creature, at the unsportsmanlike behavior of the spectators, swept the spectators themselves, and the wolf was saved.

That kind of show is not likely to come off again at a Lincoln Parish free fair. The crowds in attendance, though quite without intention, were in school that day, and got an unforgettable lesson in humane education. And a timber wolf was their teacher.

And it was all the better lesson for so wild and savage

a teacher. No one can love a wolf. The beast is untamable. There can be only war between his tribe and the human tribe. Romulus and Remus were suckled by a wolf, so legend goes, and the Seneca Pack of the jungle adopted the man-cub Mowgli. Literature is full of good and bad wolves, but in the big woods there are only savage, man-hunting wolves when the snow lies deep and the gaunt pack is driven by hunger to the kill. There is, and must be, a perpetual bounty upon the head of the timber wolf. Yet, if the hand of man is against him, there need be nothing against him in the heart of man. Cruelty has no place in this inevitable warfare. That is a human, not a wolf quality, and perhaps exists nowhere in nature outside the heart of man.

There is only one Mercy, one Law of Kindness, and a wolf has equal right with all that suffer when his case comes before the bar. Strangely enough it was a wolf that taught me

Greetings from Mrs. Fiske

America's Foremost Actress Sends Message of Congratulations for Humane Progress

In sending my greetings to the readers throughout the world who will see this number of *Our Dumb Animals*, I wish to congratulate the humane forces everywhere upon the great advance that is being made in protecting animals from many forms of cruelty previously practised upon them. To me, and I have been interested especially in all phases of humane work for many years, the most significant victory of the year just past is the news that comes to us from Spain that by royal decree the horses used in the terrible bull-fights there now have to be protected by a shield or cuirass, making impossible the sickening mutilation of these poor animals to which they were formerly subject. I am sure that this action means the breaking down of old prejudices that have bound a great nation to the tyrannies and cruelties of the past. It is a most commendable effort to make the bull-fight less brutal, and is due directly to the good work of the Federation of Spanish Societies for the Protection of Animals and Plants. I am happy to know that after a year of experiments, at the instigation of this Society, so much progress has been made, and that now the same Society is proposing additional measures of relief to make the bull-fight even less cruel.

I wish also to congratulate the National Committee on Humane Slaughter, of which your President is chairman, upon the results of the long years of effort toward humaner methods in the slaughter of our food animals, and am greatly pleased to know that, in spite of the obstacles that have arisen, there is ground for the hope that the goal so long sought in this direction is going to be reached much sooner than we had dared anticipate.

Let us all take renewed courage in our fight for Kindness, Justice and Mercy to Every Living Creature.

MINNIE MADDERN FISKE

account, "in Memorial Park, well-fenced, and the prospects were decidedly unfavorable for the wolf's surviving. Women and children occupied the grand-stand, at the request of the fair management, while six hundred men and boys lined up inside the park against the fence."

Then follows the cruel and depressing story. One wolf with a lead of forty feet, against eight hounds, within a fenced field and a solid wall of human spectators! Wounded by the dogs, the miserable creature escaped by leaping into the grand-stand among the women and children, where it was captured and returned to its cage by its owner.

The show was not brought off without protest from the Louisiana Humane Society. The sheriff was asked to interfere, but the District Attorney, appealed to by the fair officials, allowed the chase to proceed, because he could find "no law against it."

No law! So a wolf, cut off from escape, is

that long before I had reasoned it in my heart. It was a sneaking, mean, little sage-brush wolf, the coyote, that taught me, too.

He was hanging around our camp, and had been raiding a heron rookery in the willows of a shallow alkali lake, much to our wrath. We were returning to camp and saw him watching us from behind our chuck wagon, when one of the wardens, taking a long shot with the rifle, knocked him into a heap in the sand. Jumping up, the creature made off across the desert dangling a broken leg.

I had been some days in that bitter, sun-parched desert, and as the wounded, half-dog wolf with his useless leg disappeared across the sage, my heart went with him, his hurt, his fever, his burning thirst mine forever. I had never come so close to a wild coyote before. The little beast, born and bred in the interminable sage-brush of this remote desert, had probably never seen a man before, and had sneaked up while we were out at the willow island, to examine the human outfit. So interested was he that he hung around for a look at us, the yearning of his dog-soul for human companionship getting the better of his wild wolf instincts and fears. Thinking himself under cover behind the wagon he watched us wading ashore, peering between the spokes of the wheels exactly as some collie pup might at the approach of an interesting stranger from behind the pickets of a dooryard fence. And how he enlivened the landscape! How perfectly he fitted the lean, gray picture of sand and sage! If, now and then, he picked up a fledgling heron that had fallen from its nest, it was his scanty due; and if men had not nearly exterminated the snowy birds for their plumes, this would have done no harm to the colony. Good or ill to man, he is only good to the desert, and has a right to all that the desert holds of good for him—to life, and four capable, cunning feet with which to stalk it, here in the thirsty, hungry sage.

There are no laws for the protection of wolves, none against the long, chance shot and the dangling leg, and the lingering death in the desert. I died in the desert with that little wolf and rose with him into a new life that will take no chance with needless, wanton pain.

Pigeon Whistles

L. E. EUBANKS

The carrier pigeons of the United States Army are now being equipped with bamboo whistles with which to scare away birds that might attack them. The whistles, very light, are attached to the birds' tails. The surprising and constant noise keeps all predatory birds away, even the trained hawks and falcons used by the Army.

The pigeon whistle originated with the Chinese. There are two principal types there: those that consist of bamboo tubes placed side by side, and those that are fastened to a gourd body or wind chest. The former type sometimes has as many as five tubes. The gourd whistle has a mouthpiece and small apertures to the number of ten or twelve.

The whistles are lacquered in yellow, red, brown and black, to protect the materials from the atmosphere. The instruments carried by a flock of pigeons are all tuned to different keys, and the greater the confusion of sounds the greater the music, as the Chinese see it.

Remember the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in your will.

"Unprovoked" Dog "Attacks"

GUY M. CHASE

NEWSPAPER headlines, such as "Several Children Bitten by Dogs—Officials Plan Campaign," are increasing in number every summer, with the natural increase in the number of both dogs and children. "Rabies scares" are with us every season and in some communities they seem to be continuous.

A newspaper man in a New Jersey city, himself a lover of cats and dogs and the owner of several of them, has taken time and trouble to trace a great many of these newspaper stories, because of his oft-repeated opinion that dogs almost never make an unprovoked attack on any child or adult. His study was also prompted by an opinion that the cases of actual "mad dogs" are about one-half of one per cent of the reported cases.

In more than 96 per cent of the cases traced in which children were alleged to have been the victims of "unprovoked attacks" by dogs it was found that the dog had been abused, at some time, by some child. In more than half the cases it was found that the dog had been abused, or heckled by the child attacked, either at the time of the attack or previous to that time.

In approximately half the cases it was found that the "wound" was trivial. In many cases it was merely a red mark on the skin, with no actual breaking of the skin at all. Children were taken to physicians with these red welts as "wounds."

A typical instance involved a woman of mature years, instead of a child, and the newspaper man's own dog. It jumped on a woman, in an outburst of enthusiasm at seeing her. The woman shouted that she was "bitten" and was rushed to a physician. The "bite" was a slight scratch on her hip made by the exposed end of a steel in her corsets. This was reported in a newspaper other than the one on which the dog owner worked as "a woman was attacked and bitten by a dog." The dog's paw had pressed the end of the steel against her flesh and caused the scratch.

Many other "attacks" were equally "vicious." The cause was most frequently the abusing of a dog which had been cornered by a child or a group of children and goaded until it did what it could in self-defense.

Of the really "unprovoked" attacks which resulted in actual wounds, involving either adults or children, those investigated amounted to less than five per cent of the total traced.

To a Homeless Cat

LOUELLA C. POOLE

POOR little puss, so furtively
Intent upon your way
In quest of food, some scrap or bone,
This bitter winter's day,
When loudly howl the icy gales
From out the skies of gray!

O wretched outcast of the streets,
Unhoused, unloved, unfed,
So gaunt and thin, so filled with fear,
'Twere better you were dead,—
And yet the gift of life is sweet,
How oft we hear it said!

If only more were quick to feel
Your misery and woe,
How many doors would open, puss,
To you as on you go
To forage in the alleyways
In mud and ice and snow.

'Tis not, perhaps, the lack of heart,
The want of sympathy,
That brings you to this sorry pass;
They have no power to see,
With their minds' eye, your sufferings,
Your want and misery.

Could they, in thought, but put themselves,
Poor vagrant, in your place,
To know your hunger and your fears
For but the briefest space,
How multiplied were ways to help,
And with what willing grace!



SPEED IN BRINGING FIRST AID TO CATS AND DOGS

The German S. P. C. A., Berlin, uses motorcycles to bring small animals in cages to airplanes for rapid transportation to the central station for treatment

The Thrifty Red-headed Woodpecker

ALVIN M. PETERSON

Photographs by the Author

THE red-headed woodpecker as far as its colors are concerned comes about as near to being our national bird as any. It is bright red, white and bluish-black in color. Were the blue-black of its suit blue, the bird then would be red, white and blue in color, the exact colors of our flag.

But though the red-headed woodpecker in its colors is patriotic enough, it is not as widely distributed over the country as many other species of birds. In some parts of the United States it is either rare or absent entirely. This is due to the fact that this bird has decided tastes as to where it desires to live. It seems



OAK POST USED BY RED-HEADED WOODPECKERS FOR STORING ACORNS

to prefer to live about woods where oaks and other similar trees are numerous. Oaks often have dead branches, trunks and tops, where this bird finds considerable food and where it is able to excavate a nesting-hole with ease. But there is another reason why this bird frequents woods where oaks are numerous. It is very fond of acorns and acorns are produced only by oaks.

Here in the western part of Wisconsin, red-headed woodpeckers are very numerous. In other parts of the state, where there are less oak trees, the bird is either absent or far less numerous. Early in the spring, they become very noisy, uttering their harsh "charr, charr, charr" notes when mating and during and after the nesting season. When alarmed or excited, they often utter notes that sound like "kit-ti, kit-ti, kit-ti." During the mating season especially, they are often to be heard beating a lively tattoo on some dry resonant limb, the loose boards of buildings, tin cans and windmills; in fact on almost anything suited for the purpose.

Trees containing the nests of red-headed woodpeckers are easily located, especially after they hold young birds. The youngsters screech and make a good deal of noise as they beg for the food brought to the nests by the

adult birds. Rap on a stub or tree containing a nest with young birds in it and the little fellows at once begin screeching and begging for food, thinking the noise made by a returning parent.

Red-headed woodpeckers, naturally, are frequently to be seen about the trunks and branches of trees looking for bugs, insects, grubs and other pests. But late in the summer and early in the fall, they more often are to be seen catching insects on the wing, much like our flycatchers, the phoebe, wood pewee and the kingbird. Then they perch on the tops of posts, stubs and the branches of trees, where they wait for insects to come their way. When an insect comes within range it is caught by a darting flight. The bird then returns to its perch, where it eats the insect, then resumes its watching and waiting.

This bird is supposed by some to winter in the southern part of the United States. However, I find that it usually is a winter resident even as far north as Wisconsin. As soon as the acorns are ripe, the birds begin gathering and storing them for their winter use. The acorns are stored in the cracks and crevices of stumps, posts, stubs and trees. But few of the posts and trees about my home are not used by the birds for storing purposes. They frequently drill holes in posts and stubs in which to store acorns. The holes made are just large enough to accommodate an acorn. Many of the acorns are shelled and split, and the half or whole kernel then stored.

The red-headed woodpecker is more thrifty even than the squirrels. He stores so many acorns that he has more than enough to last him over winter. Far into the summer he feeds on acorns stored the previous autumn. During the winter months, in spite of the snow and cold, he lives in a land of plenty. Frequently, the jays and squirrels raid his numerous store-houses. The woodpecker then will be found defending them, scolding and sputtering with "kit-ti, kit-ti" notes. Bob-whites and other birds visit the ground beneath trees, stubs and posts, where they glean small bits of the acorn kernels wasted by the woodpeckers. No doubt, in winter at least, these birds spend the night in holes in trees and stubs, perhaps in the holes used the previous summer for nesting purposes.

But though our red-headed woodpeckers usually winter near us, they sometimes desert us in the fall of the year. Last winter, they were to be seen all winter long. But now they are absent. There is a reason for this. Red-headed woodpeckers are shrewd birds; they do not winter where they are not sure in advance of a food supply. Last fall the acorn crop was a failure. They left promptly for other parts with the coming of the first frosty mornings.

City Bird Sanctuary

GUY M. CHASE

ALMOST in the heart of Newark, N. J., a city of half a million inhabitants, there is an oasis for birds which bids fair to become the most popular stopping place in the town for the winged visitors, as well as for the feathered folk who make the city their home for parts or all of the year. Incidentally, provision is made for the human residents who may care to come and sit for a time to enjoy the activities of the birds.

In a big walled garden at the rear of the Newark Museum the Newark Bird Club has provided a plot of considerable size with all sorts of berry bushes and small fruits, with a small grove of nut-bearing trees not far away.

Birds in a large city, and a surprising number either make their homes in the towns or are rather frequent visitors, are often hard put to it to find food, especially in winter. Then, too, many birds apparently drop in for a rest on their migrations.

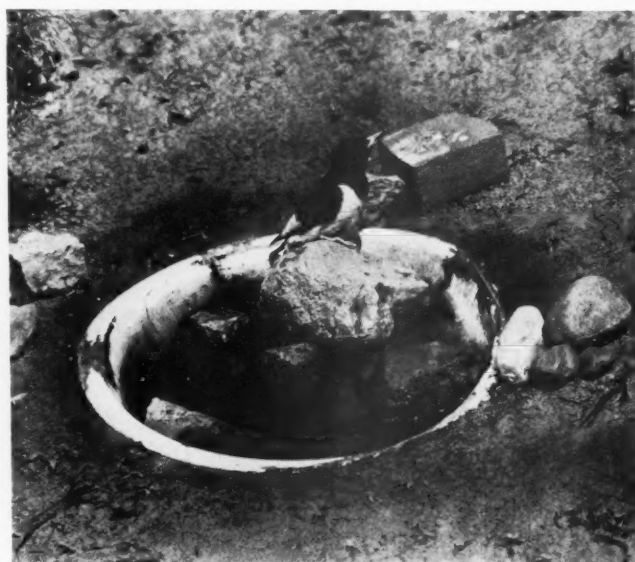
The Newark refuge, which not only provides food but also a large degree of shelter in winter, will also have a large bird-bath as soon as it can be erected.

The screened pavilion, provided for persons who desire to visit the refuge, is expected to attract many persons who seem to have the habit of carrying nuts and other tid-bits for the birds. Perhaps no better place will exist in the city for feeding birds than the walled garden at the rear of the Museum.

A Few Calendars Left

Although we have had a large sale of the 1929 Humane Calendar, there are copies enough remaining to supply quite a number of single orders. Everybody seems pleased with this year's Calendar, and it looks as though the supply will be exhausted early in the year. Price, 20 cents each; \$1.80 per dozen, postpaid to any address. Orders will be filled promptly by the American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Remember the American Humane Education Society in your will.



RED-HEADED WOODPECKER AT INEXPENSIVE BIRD-BATH

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

JANUARY, 1929

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. Addressed envelope with full return postage should be enclosed with each manuscript submitted.

Again the Indian

WHAT but shame can any well-informed citizen feel when he thinks of the treatment the Indian has received at the hands of the nation's officials? Multitudes of strangers from other lands have come among us, been granted the rights of citizenship and then left to work out their own salvation as part and parcel of the whole. But what of the Indian? Here before the white man came, almost from the first deceived, betrayed, robbed of his native rights, possessions, freedom. Kept now for generations as a ward in the land of his birth, he is still defrauded by his white neighbors of privileges granted him in such matters as water and fishing rights, and swindled at times in the sale of his land when falling into the hands of unscrupulous sharpers. It isn't slavery, but if all the facts were arrayed and could stand facing the American public as real personalities, there would be a protest that Congress would have to hear.

We are glad to know that this ward of the nation has friends who, against the inertia, apparent graft and mismanagement of bureaucracy, are working for him. Among the purposes of a movement now on foot are these: 1. To free him from the Bureau wardship of his person. 2. To arrange that each state shall treat him as it does its other citizens, educating him, guarding his health, policing his territory, Congress appropriating the amounts now annually voted by the Bureau to the states. 3. The Red Cross given all power to serve him free from Bureau control. 4. Competent untangling of the Indian property-mess created by and existing in the Bureau. At no time while the above purposes are being carried out shall the Indian be disturbed in any of his present rights, or the occupancy or use of such Indian property as he now possesses.

In 1887 the Government made an appropriation of five millions for the Indian Bureau; in 1927 thirteen millions. An increase is now sought to twenty millions, while the number of Bureau Indians is approximately the same as in 1887. Forty years of Bureau captivity and training, as another has said, and still no graduation into American life. Are there no more John Browns or William Lloyd Garrisons? If further information is desired relative to steps that are being taken to release the Indian from bureaucratic control, please write us.

Zola's Love for Animals

THOSE who remember the days thirty years ago when Zola's fame was at its height, and who recognized the elements of greatness that made him what he was, will enjoy Josephson's recently published "Zola and His Time." It is a fine piece of biographical work, just and fair. Lights and shadows fall upon the portrait, strength and weakness are there, but the light and the strength are vastly more than the shadow and the weakness, and no one who reads the story of his championship of the falsely accused young army officer, Dreyfus, will fail to acknowledge the greatness of Zola as a man.

Asked once which animal he loved best, he replied, "All animals." To see an animal suffer caused him the keenest distress. Once, when in his exile in England, separated from his favorite dog, "Pinpin," whose illness made him feel as if the last straw was added to his misfortunes, he saw his friend Vizetelly coming toward the house with a joyful face. He was bringing good news of a happy turn in the Dreyfus case which meant much to Zola. "Is it a telegram about Pinpin?" Zola cried. When Vizetelly shook his head in negation Zola's face darkened, and even the good tidings failed to cheer him. Let us remember, too, how he hated war. In his last days, says his biographer, his mind was fixed upon the conception of International Peace.

A Tragedy of the Zoo

The *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*, England, under the heading "A Prisoner Released," tells a sad story from which we take the following:

The giant orang-outang at the London Zoo is dead. He died of tuberculosis, probably acquired at Singapore, whence he had been brought with his mate and baby from the forests of Sumatra. Anyone who saw the patriarchal beast squatting on his bench at Regent's Park, immobile, woe-begone, and long-suffering, must have felt that he had lost the will to live. Home-sickness and the humiliation of captivity had broken the heart of that strange parody of humanity. To see him try to console his mate was pitiful, and when their baby died the pair lost their last hold on life. Marcus—so his keepers called him—will probably be united with mate and child as a stuffed group in a museum where people will marvel again at the old male's five-foot long arms and his huge, flattened face with the puzzled eyes. We understand that the London Zoological Society does not propose to repeat the experiment which came to a tragic end last Sunday.

The Cat and the Fur Coat

A FRIEND writes us that having a cat too difficult to deal with in the home, and desiring to have it mercifully put to sleep, she thought it a good opportunity to find out if possible what was being done with cats for which a certain advertiser in the papers would gladly pay a fair price. She wrote to the woman so advertising, especially for "shag kittens and puppies." She learned that from \$1.50 to \$5.00 was being paid for these poor creatures, which were kept till their fur was "prime" and then they were destroyed for their pelts. Perhaps, reader, you may be wearing the soft baby coats of puppies and kittens. This was not in Massachusetts.

Dr. Sophia Davis

For many years this devoted friend of animals, now 78 years of age, has been in correspondence with us and proving herself in Augusta, Georgia, "a friend of every friendless beast." On her latest birthday a group of those who knew her, mostly young people and, like her, lovers of animals, gathered at her home. An unusual program was carried out. To each was given by lot a slip of paper on which was the name of an animal, and the recipient was to speak just a minute about that special animal. Many beautiful presents were given Dr. Davis. An attractive picture of her and her guests was taken by one of the city papers and published with a full account of the happy affair. Virtue does sometimes have its reward.

In Good Company

If a periodical, as well as a person, is known by the company it keeps, surely *Our Dumb Animals* has reason to be pleased with the following letter from an official of a prominent fraternal order, with headquarters in Washington, D. C.:

Of the many papers that come to my desk every day, representing the press (Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, etc.) of nearly every country, there are TWO outstanding journals that are most welcome—TWO that I look forward to receiving with no small sense of pleasure, namely *The Christian Science Monitor* and *Our Dumb Animals*—each publication excellent in its respective field.

In the columns of your publication I find inspiration. Each issue brings its message of Love. You seek to raise Man to a higher level by spreading the doctrine of humaneness.

By your humanitarian labors you are indeed hastening the day of "His Kingdom Upon Earth."

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I do hereby give, devise and bequeath to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), incorporated by special Act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1863

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*
ALBERT A. POLLARD, *Treasurer*
GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*

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Telephone (Complaints, Ambulances) Regent 6100

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EDWIN D. MOODY, *Pittsfield, Berkshire*

Rest Farm for Horses and Small Animal Shelter, Methuen

W. W. HASWELL, *Superintendent*

Women's Auxiliary of the Mass. S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston—Mrs. EDITH WASHBURN LEVINSTEIN, *Pres.*; Mrs. WM. McDONALD, *First Vice-Pres.*; Mrs. E. L. KLAHRE, *Second Vice-Pres.*; Mrs. A. J. FURBUSH, *Treas.*; Miss HELEN W. POTTER, *Rec. Sec.*; Miss A. P. EATON, *Cor. Sec.*; Mrs. A. P. FISHER, *Chair. Work Committee.*

MONTHLY REPORT

Miles traveled by humane officers.	12,054
Cases investigated	851
Animals examined	4,993
Number of prosecutions	28
Number of convictions	23
Horses taken from work	86
Horses humanely put to sleep	113
Small animals humanely put to sleep	1,073
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected	53,305
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep	90

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been remembered in the will of Percy A. Chambers of Brockport, New York.

December 11, 1928.

The Be Kind to Animals Anniversary will be observed this year, April 15 to 20, with Humane Sunday, April 14.

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Regent 6100

Veterinarians

H. F. DAILEY, *V.M.D., Chief*
R. H. SCHNEIDER, *V.M.D., Ass't Chief*
E. F. SCHROEDER, *D.V.M.*
W. M. EVANS, *D.V.S.*
G. B. SCHNELLE, *V.M.D.*

HARRY L. ALLEN, *Superintendent*

FREE Dispensary for Animals

Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Saturday, from 11 to 1.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR NOVEMBER

Hospital		Free Dispensary	
Cases entered	620	Cases	1,939
Dogs	436	Dogs	1,599
Cats	165	Cats	327
Horses	15	Birds	6
Monkeys	2	Horses	4
Rabbit	1	Monkeys	2
Sheep	1	Rabbit	1
Operations	543		
Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, '15			76,933
Free Dispensary Cases			144,376
Total			221,309

MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. IN THE COURTS

Convictions in November

For inflicting unnecessary cruelty upon dog by beating it with hoe, defendant was fined \$25 in lower court and sentenced to thirty days in jail, appealed, fine sustained in Superior Court, jail sentence suspended.

Beating horse with whip and club, fined \$25 in Superior court.

Subjecting two horses to unnecessary cruelty, fined \$20.

Inflicting unnecessary cruelty upon horse, two defendants sentenced to thirty days in jail.

Overcrowding fowl, \$20 fine.

Subjecting seven song birds to unnecessary torture and cruelly killing same, plea of *nolo*, fine \$40.

Using galled horse, \$20 fine.

Failure to provide food, shelter, protection from weather, for horse, fine \$20.

Beating horse with brush hook, case filed on payment of \$10 costs.

Failing to provide food and water for two dogs seven days, fined \$5.

Driving horse unfit for labor, plea of *nolo*, case filed by having horse destroyed.

Causing forty-three song birds to be subjected to unnecessary torture, cruelly beaten, mutilated and killed, one defendant fined \$75, another \$25.

Authorizing and permitting horse to be subjected to unnecessary suffering, fined \$25.

Driving horse with trace chains cutting legs, \$15 fine.

Inflicting unnecessary cruelty upon twenty-one hens, guilty, case filed.

Driving galled horses, \$5 fine.

Failure to provide food and water for horse, four days, fined \$5.

Working galled horses, fine \$5.

Using horse with sore back, guilty, case continued for sentence.

Beating horse, guilty, case filed.

Non-sheltering horse and cows, fined \$15.

NEW YORK AQUARIUM

Editor *Our Dumb Animals*:—

Many thanks for copy of December number containing reference to my work with the goldfish shipping problem. You will be glad to know that the express people report the losses already greatly reduced.

Very truly yours,

IDA MELLEEN, *Aquarist*

Annual Fair for Hospital

Successful Sale of Women's Auxiliary of Massachusetts S. P. C. A.

AGAIN the members of the Women's Auxiliary of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. have demonstrated their interest in the work of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital by adding a very substantial amount to their funds through the Fair held at the Society's building, Thursday, November 15.

Year after year these faithful women meet, make their plans, solicit salable articles or prepare them with their own handiwork, and announce their offerings to the public. It could be wished that these annual events should attract even more visitors than they do. Those who do come are enthusiastic and generous in making purchases. All day, from 10 in the morning till well into the evening, came people who were interested in visiting the Hospital and who tarried, either to inspect the articles offered for sale, to sit down to the bridge tables, or to enjoy a cafeteria lunch or afternoon tea, or some of the other attractions of the Fair. Two good friends, Miss Eliza Hoehn and her sister, came all the way from Asbury Park, N. J., to be present.

Many pleasant contacts with the officers and workers of the Society are made through the hospitality offered in this connection. Mrs. Freshel's entertaining talk and exhibit of fur fabrics were referred to in our last issue. Miss Lillian M. Dennison offered her services as seerss and gave many patrons an opportunity to peer into the future. Mr. and Mrs. Albert A. Orcutt of Wollaston kindly brought to the Fair their beautiful St. Bernard, "Dover Granger," who attracted much attention with a basket suspended from his neck which received many cash contributions for the cause.

The bridge committee included Mrs. E. P. Woods, chairman, Mrs. E. L. Klahre, Mrs. A. W. Hurlburt, and Mrs. H. E. Prescott.

The tables were in charge of the following: Food, Mrs. Fred B. Kimball, chairman, Mrs. William L. Edwards, Mrs. Ralph H. Baldwin, Miss Fanny Fay Gray, and Mrs. R. A. Quimby; apron, Mrs. C. C. Olmstead, chairman, Mrs. A. F. LaRose, Mrs. A. H. Smith, and Mrs. Marion Nicholson; utility, Mrs. Howard F. Woodward, chairman, Mrs. George H. Wright, Mrs. Anthony Warfield, and Mrs. Cordelia I. Williamson; candy, Mrs. Charles F. Rowley, chairman, Miss Alice Rowley, Mrs. Esmond Rowley, Mrs. John Tyler, and Mrs. Francis H. Rowley; antique and white elephant table, Mrs. Agnes P. Fisher, chairman, Mrs. W. F. Almy, and Miss Alice M. Ware. The cafeteria was under the direction of Mrs. Edith Washburn Levinstein, chairman, J. Lee Mellsop, Mrs. Sarah E. Baker, Miss Augusta P. Eaton, and Miss Helen W. Potter.

Patronesses of the Fair were Mrs. Alvan T. Fuller, Mrs. Channing H. Cox, Mrs. Herbert Lyman, Mrs. Langdon Frothingham, and Mrs. Freeman Allen of Boston; Mrs. Charles M. Baker, Mrs. Adnah Neyhart, Mrs. Charles Bancroft, and Mrs. Harold Donham of Framingham; Mrs. William E. Putnam of Weston; Mrs. Homer Gage and Mrs. Frank P. Knowles of Worcester; Mrs. William J. Underwood of Belmont; Mrs. Fred L. Morrill of Gloucester; and Mrs. Earl Reed VanSickle of Larchmont, New York.

To all who contributed in any way to the success of the enterprise, the hearty thanks of the Women's Auxiliary are hereby extended. To Mrs. Levinstein, president, and her able staff of workers in the Auxiliary, the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. is very greatly indebted.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell.

Incorporated, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

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Humane Press Bureau

Mrs. May L. Hall, *Secretary*

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D. D. Fitch, British West Indies
Nicasio Zulaica C., Chile
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Rida Himadi, Lebanon and Syria
Mrs. Alice W. Manning, Turkey

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Mrs. Alice L. Park, Palo Alto, California
Mrs. Rachel C. Hogue, San Diego, California
Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, Tacoma, Washington
James D. Burton, Harriman, Tennessee
Mrs. Katherine Weathersbee, Atlanta, Georgia
Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell, Fort Worth, Texas
Miss Blanche Finley, Richmond, Virginia
Rev. John W. Lemon, Ark, Virginia
Seymour Carroll, Columbia, South Carolina

Field Representative

Wm. T. H. Wentzel, M.S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Trust Fund for Retired Workers

A trust fund is being collected by the American Humane Education Society for the benefit of field missionaries and others who have worn out their lives in the service of promoting humane education.

Please make checks payable to Treasurer, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, and specify that the amount contributed is for this Fund.

Two Little Letters

Two dear little lads from Montreal write us, each as follows:

"Will you send me a button, pleas, because I never cild eny anamals in my life, that is the very truth." One of the lads was Eli Brown and the other was Lester Goldenblatt. They got the buttons.

Humane Meeting at New Orleans

THE fifty-second annual meeting of the American Humane Association attracted a large number of delegates to the sessions held in New Orleans, November 19-22. The last two days of the convention were devoted exclusively to animal protection and every minute of the time was filled with splendid papers and valuable discussions. Humane shelters for animals, humane education, humane trapping and suggestions for better livestock transportation were among the topics discussed. Thursday morning was devoted to the A. B. C. session, under the chairmanship of Robert F. Sellar of St. Louis. The delegates were all given an opportunity to ask questions on specific matters and society needs and profited by the experience. At the close of the meeting it was unanimously voted to make this a feature at next year's convention.

A mass meeting of 2,000 colored children was held in the Delgalda Trade School where short talks were given and several motion picture films shown. Among the speakers was Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell of Texas, representing the American Humane Education Society.

A large exhibit of humane literature and humane devices and posters were displayed in a vacant store near the hotel, including that of the American Humane Education Society in charge of Mrs. Katherine Weathersbee.

Sydney H. Coleman, president, and the other officers were re-elected for the ensuing year. Invitations were received from many places for 1929 but the directors deferred taking any definite action before the close of the convention.

New Efforts in Virginia

WITH the advent of winter the Richmond S. P. C. A. is again putting forth vigorous efforts for the protection of dumb life throughout Virginia. Miss Blanche Finley, chairman of humane education under the society, is circularizing the localities with the suggestion that branch chapters of the central organization be established in various parts of the state, each to operate locally, but the whole to be banded together in a confederated society.

For many years the beneficent activities of the S. P. C. A. have been exercised at Richmond with results which have been widely gratifying. Miss Finley believes, however, that much unnecessary suffering among animals in many sections of Virginia might readily be prevented or, certainly, mitigated, if local humane societies were organized. In nearly every locality, she says, there are kind-hearted men and women who do what they can for the prevention of suffering and for the protection of animals.

But the force and authority of an organization, no matter how small, says Miss Finley, can accomplish infinitely more than any individual, especially when such an organization forms a component part of a centralized state agency. States with the highest humane standards are those possessing a number of small local societies, federated into a state association, and it is just this which is the present aim of Virginia.

Citizens interested in animal welfare, or desiring details on founding local chapters or societies for work in preventing cruelty to animals in Virginia, will be furnished with free literature outlining these subjects if they communicate with Miss Blanche Finley, 200 Dundee Avenue, Richmond, Virginia.

Take Heart

(Continued from page 3)

consistent," he continues, "in my judgment with a God of love that he should create what is lovable for eternity than for time."

Make what we may of such utterances, they tell of humanity's growing interest in these creatures about us. No intelligent man longer holds to the notion that they were created just for man's pleasure and use. "This idea," it has been truly said, "can be no longer sustained by the facts of earthly existence as science has made them known to us. That we should be able to hold it at all is an evidence both of arrogance on our part and of an unfair distribution of divine favor if it were true. The pathos of the life of a cab horse, for example, is almost as great as that of a starved and ill-treated slum child." Wrong, possibly, are those who hold that all life is one, and that what lives in time as love, fidelity, devotion, faith, is eternal. But reason is on their side.

Take heart, lone and discouraged worker, if your lot is cast where indifference, ignorance, and cruelty still seem appalling. The tide has turned. The compassion at the heart of the universe is with us. The sun has risen. You and I may not live till noonday, but

*"What matter, I or they,
Mine or another's day,
So the right word be said
And the world the better made?"*

Picture Lesson Cards

A series of eight humane education lesson cards for use in schools have just been published by the American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

These attractive cards are printed on good stock, which will bear handling—the pictures are reproduced from original photographs and the lesson material is printed under the picture in good clear type, easily read. Teachers will find these cards useful and instructive and children may be interested and encouraged to prepare similar cards themselves.

The subjects covered are: the horse, dogs, cats, poultry and birds, cows and swine, empty tin cans, a music card with words and music of "Our Native Land," also "Please Remember" card which contains valuable information and instruction on the subject of kindness to all living creatures.

The price of single cards is 10 cents; the set of eight cards, 35 cents, postpaid.

Teachers Demand Humane Education

At a recent Teachers' Institute, held in Allentown, Pa., the following resolution was adopted:—

"Knowing that much brutality occurs from lack of knowledge and information, we ask the schools of the county to put forth greater effort in the teaching of humane education, not only as required by law but especially for its value in the development of human character."

A San Francisco newspaper tells of a policeman in a southern city who answered a call to shoot a mad dog, but returned smilingly to the police station without having to use his gun.

"The dog was only hungry, so I fed him biscuits instead of bullets," he reported.

The Alligator

LESLIE CLARE MANCHESTER

IT'S spring in the palms by the river;
It's spring and the hyacinths show!
It's a gleam of blossoms purple
Where the tides of the St. John's flow!
It's drifting out with the ripples
In silver along my prow;
It's a 'gator there on a sand bar
Asleep in the sunlight now!

Oh, oft as the day is kissing
With burning lips the tide,
I hear the voice of the 'gator
Across the waters wide!
His mate is there in the marshes,
In a cove o'er-flung with brakes,
And he lifts his voice like a trumpet
Till the dune beneath him shakes!

It's spring in the palms by the river
With jasmine drooping low;
Ah, blossoms in beauty trailing
Their thatches of yellow and snow!
A 'gator there is a-sunning
With his mate on a sandy bar,
While my boat with softest ripples
Drifts on and on afar!

Ghandi and the Cow

It is reported in the *New York World* that Mahatma Ghandi, Nationalist leader of India, has shocked millions of Hindus and his own followers by killing a sick cow. The cow is considered sacred by the Hindus and anybody who takes the life of one, no matter how much it may be suffering, is considered a great sinner. On the other hand the Mussulmans are cow killers and eaters, so opinion is divided as to whether Ghandi's act will result in more censure than praise. Young India and the social reformers say that this brave action by their leader may cement the long-standing breach between the two cults. In our opinion it is another proof of Ghandi's greatness that he refused to keep an animal, even the sacred cow, in prolonged agony.



Photo from Kilroy Harris

KOALA AND BABY KOALA

This Australian species is the original of the Teddy Bear which became so popular in Roosevelt's time

Crickets and Birds and the Human Heart

WALTER A. DYER

THE older I grow—and I regret to say that I am growing older every minute—the more painfully conscious I become of my own ignorance. As a writer I have frequent occasion for ardently wishing that I knew more, had traveled more widely, had seen more things and experienced more adventures, had studied more deeply. For one thing, I wish I were a naturalist. But when I read an author like W. H. Hudson I am in despair. I know that it takes a lifetime to know very much about any one thing, and I have begun too late. And yet I sometimes comfort myself with the thought that there are compensations in this very ignorance. It leaves the way wide open for innumerable discoveries, and discoveries are more exciting than knowledge.

One afternoon in October I went down cellar to feed a hungry furnace. At the foot of the cellar stairs I was arrested by the chirp of a cricket, so loud and so close to my ear that I was startled. I had an electric flashlight in my hand and I turned its ray full on the little creature. I found him on a narrow ledge, a projecting stone in the underpinning of our old farm-house, just on a level with my eye. For a time he did not seem to mind the glare and continued his shrill fiddling with vigor. I was within a few inches of him and was able to observe for a full minute the incredibly swift vibration of his inner wings.

I knew very well from my reading that the cricket chirped with his wings, and that it was an old story to naturalists, but never before had it been my privilege to witness the operation. I experienced all the thrill of having made a discovery new to science, since it was new to me. I remember feeling the same exultation once when I came upon a toad on a rock in the mating season and watched his puffed and quivering throat as he trilled forth his love call.

I have several friends who can justly lay claim to a working knowledge of ornithology such as I have never fully acquired. In June I was walking in our woods with one of them when from out of the depths of a nearby thicket there sounded a rapturous, bell-like bird song that seemed to soar away to heaven.

"Hear that wood thrush!" I cried.

My friend listened till it was repeated and then shook his head.

"No," said he, "a hermit thrush."

Then he told me that the wood thrush sometimes sings a song somewhat more extended than his usual triplets and that the hermit thrush sometimes abbreviates his more sustained melody, and he tried to explain to me how to distinguish between the longer song of the wood thrush and the shorter song of the hermit.

"You can't mistake them when you know," said he.

I fear I am very stupid, but the lesson is still unlearned and I cannot yet be sure which is which. But I am sure of one thing. When that song comes tinkling to me through the woods it fills me with a joy and a sort of spiritual excitement as great as any my ornithological friend can possibly feel.

The older I grow the more firmly convinced I become that knowledge is not everything. Or perhaps I should say that there is a sort of spiritual comprehension that transcends intellectual understanding. From the naturalist's point of view I know very little about the

birds and other wild creatures on my farm, but I have come to know them. And with that acquaintance has come an affection that is not mere admiration or delight in observing their beauty and swiftness and intelligence. It is rather a sense of brotherhood with them, as if they and I were members of the same family, owing one another a clannish allegiance and fraternal kindness. This feeling has grown upon me until, when I come unexpectedly upon them in their hidden haunts, or hear the exuberant songs of invisible birds,

"a sudden tremor goes
Into my veins and makes me kith and kin
To every wild-born thing."

I have sometimes wondered whether some of that feeling might not be destroyed by a more intimate knowledge of species and structure and habits. Perhaps not, for the most indefatigable naturalists are unquestionably nature lovers. Witness Hudson and Thoreau, Agassiz and Burroughs. All the same, it seems fairly obvious that one can learn little of spiritual value concerning the fragrance of the rose or the song of the catbird by means of laboratory dissection.

I do not wish to seem to be disparaging scientific knowledge. I wish I had more of it myself. The point I wish to make is that scientific knowledge is not essential to a sympathetic understanding of nature. Most of us have not the time or the opportunity to acquire such learning, but that need not prevent our enjoyment of the life which so abundantly populates this fair world of ours. More than that, it need not prevent our acquiring a personal, intimate comprehension of our little neighbors. I sometimes think it might be well to study natural history less and nature more.

You may not be equipped with any of the formal facts of natural history, you may be unable to recognize more than half a dozen kinds of birds, you may not know whether the red squirrel sleeps all winter or comes out on sunny days to forage, but you can have the birds and the squirrels for friends just the same. Get out into the open where God's creatures live and let His own good knowledge find its way somehow to your heart. Go without book or chart, but go with eyes and ears open, and above all, with heart attuned to the universal harmony. Take the children with you, and observe how they react to the little discoveries of a country walk, and then try to approach nature yourself with something of their childlike wonder.

That's the way I like to know my little neighbors of the woods and fields, not as species in a text-book but as kindred in the family of nature. Let the children acquire that attitude and you will have no need to teach them kindness to animals as a moral precept. If, through frequent intercourse, you can attain to that understanding and sympathy, I cannot imagine your ever shooting a woodcock or a rabbit for sport or setting a trap for a fox.

I disagree with every word you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it.

VOLTAIRE

Let us all work together to make 1929 the banner year for the animal cause.

Temple at Paestum

A PEA-GREEN lizard
Scalloped in black
Slides up the ruin
And then slides back.

A modern blackbird
Small and solemn
Lives in the time-worn
Doric column.

A snail holds tight,
No longer a creeper;
The roofs of thyme
Go deeper and deeper.

The deep air silvers
Arc on arc.
The bat is a loosened
Piece of the dark.

VIRGINIA MOORE, in "Sweet Water and Bitter"

Animals in Forest Fires

L. E. EUBANKS

IT is generally known that horses in a fire present a difficult problem, for they seem determined to stay and be cremated. But many other creatures manifest this same self-destructive perverseness. The law of self-preservation receives many refutations in a forest fire.

Doves nesting in the grass are always victims of a fire. They may circle the nesting spot for a while, then they will sweep down into the fire and be burned to death. A definite check on a California fire recently showed that 100 deer, 2,000 quail and more than 2,000 rabbits were destroyed. Quail fledglings will refuse to come out of a fire, and the mother, after a vain attempt to coax them out or drive them, will invariably perish with the brood. Deer often run right into the heart of the blaze and, of course, are cremated.

If the fire happens to sweep over a watershed, it means certain death to thousands of trout and other game fish. The heat becomes so intense that they are literally cooked in the small streams. If the heat fails to kill them, the chemicals deposited in the water from cinders, ash and other bits of debris that fall into the streams usually kill the fish.

In protection of these forest creatures it is surely every person's duty to be particularly careful of fire in the woods.

Kellygrams

FRED C. KELLY in Davenport, Iowa, *Democrat and Leader*

A friend asked me to go deer hunting with him, and I explained that I couldn't derive any more fun from shooting a deer than I could from shooting his daughter.

"Ah," he retorted, "but deer and cows and sheep are all put here for us to use. You're not a vegetarian, are you?"

The fallacy in his argument is that a sportsman does not kill a deer for the meat, but uses the venison simply as an excuse for the barbaric pleasure he gets out of taking a beautiful animal's life. Most people like to eat beefsteak, but most people would dislike the job of killing a steer. They are content to leave such slaughter to those who are obliged to do it as a means of making a living.

The same fellow who sees no beauty in a live deer in the forest and enjoys shooting it thinks the stuffed head of a dead deer is a beautiful ornament and proudly hangs it over his fireplace.



International Newsreel

AUTOMOBILIST TREATING INJURED DOG

The People's Dispensary for Sick Animals, London, has prepared a large number of first-aid kits to be attached to the running board of autos, to enable passing motorists to render medical assistance to birds or animals

Strange Animal Instincts

HENRY CHAS. SUTER, PH.D.

IT is recorded that an hour before the Thames flood in London, recently, mice were to be seen running up a curtain on the ground floor of a house in Westminster. Some have attempted to explain this by saying that water was already penetrating the mouse-holes in the basement, but that is not likely, for it will be remembered that the flood came with one rush when the Embankment wall gave way.

There are other cases of premonition, as it is called, on the part of animals, which cannot be explained away, but must be credited to these creatures as a strange and a singular instinct. One day in August, 1922, an army of squirrels, numbering several hundreds, was seen traveling through the trees in the Fox Hills near Aldershot. They crossed a road and took up their quarters in a wood half a mile beyond. Two days later a fire broke out a mile away from the wood which the squirrels had vacated and reaching that wood it burned it out completely, but stopped on reaching the road which the squirrels so short a time previously had crossed.

In November, 1922, an appalling earthquake shook Chile. At Copiapo half the town was totally destroyed. Hundreds were killed, and 35,000 people left homeless. Eighteen hours before this disaster cats at Copiapo became strangely uneasy. They wandered about, mewing pitifully, many of them ran out of their homes, while some were seen to go up the hill above the town. Undoubtedly they had some instinctive warning of what was going to happen.

There are sounds that are so faint that no human ear can detect them, but which run into the waters of an aquarium, will stun and kill small fish. An earth-worm can hear well below the soil the tread of a thrush above, and

so keep out of harte's way. A human being may see a slug in a pansy bed, but other insects and animals can hear it munching away as it makes its meal.

Birds, of course, have a certain amount of fore-knowledge of weather conditions and will migrate in advance of cold weather. Swallows have another peculiar quality, for it has often been noticed that they will abandon any place where plague has broken out and will not nest there. Not a swallow will be seen until the epidemic has passed.

Cattle that graze on the moors always go up hill before rain, and fish (trout, especially) will cease feeding some hours before the rain comes on.

But the strangest of living weather prophets are certain small yellow ants, common in Florida, which build their nests in the sandy soil. Twenty-four hours, at least, before a heavy rain, these creatures become busy, carrying their grubs up from their underground tunnels into the upper stories of their mounds. How these

eyeless insects are aware of the coming change is beyond man's understanding, but their instinct is certain, and it is an instinct that never fails them.

There is many a quiver in the air that means nothing to human beings, but has a message for the insect or the bird. Since the beginning of time electrons have rushed through the ether at the speed of 186,000 miles a second, but we never knew of their existence until a few years ago, when "wireless" revealed it. What remains in a world unknown to human senses, may readily respond to the acute sense of animal instinct.

What Caused This?

J. B. O'SULLIVAN

THREE of us were looking in the Elkhorn river for clam shells. A full grown mink swam up to us and acted as tame as a domestic cat. For more than an hour we fondled the animal, bared-handed, and finally placed him in the water where he continued to swim here and there. The mink is exceedingly wary, and no reason ever was assigned for the peculiar behavior of this specimen. It is a shame, of course, but we had no camera to register this unusual occurrence.

About a year after the mink incident, and while skating with about fifty children, the writer sighted a muskrat sitting on a tuft of soil as he industriously nibbled a treasured morsel he had brought to the surface. With no hope of success, but with the mink experience still fresh in our memory, the writer slowly crept upon the muskrat and astonished himself and his breathless audience by placing his hand on the animal's back. This was repeated time and again. A few metallic-like clicks from his teeth, now and then, was all the resistance offered to repulse our attentions.

In just what condition were these animals? Surely they were not normal.

IN THE EDITOR'S LIBRARY

PYX—B. A. (JUST A DOG'S LIFE), Harriet Sefton Campbell.

The life story of this plucky little fox terrier, a real dog, is a rare bit of canine literature. It is a genuinely heart-gripping tale of a brave and brainy little adventurer whose ups and downs among friends and foes wafted him to many places. As the mascot of the U. S. Revenue Cutter, "Bear," he shared richly in the fame and fortunes of that great naval adventurer. The author is gifted with a humane and sympathetic spirit. Her tribute will appeal to every true dog lover and win others. The sales of the book are for the exclusive benefit of the San Diego Humane Society.

110 pp. \$1.50. Frye & Smith, San Diego, Cal.

"ON THE GREAT ROAD WITH THE ANIMALS," Geraldine E. Lyster.

It is for the benefit of our animal friends that this widely known author has written so frequently for the humane publications throughout the world. Some fifteen miscellaneous and "Six Little Buddhist Poems" are assembled in this choice collection. In such form they will continue to speak with power and beauty, and the proceeds from sales of the booklet, its author announces, will be given for the benefit of the animal cause. Paper covers.

43 pp., 1 s., net. The Author, Heathfield, West Kirby, Cheshire, England.

The Cry for Mercy

REV. F. RIVERS BARNWELL

JESUS of Nazareth, who went about doing good and who taught love and mercy, says: "Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy." The cry for mercy comes from the suffering aged; from neglected women and orphaned children; the cry for mercy comes from fur animals agonizing in the jaws of the steel trap, not for comfort, but for the style of women; the cry for mercy is heard from trick animals on the theater stage and in circuses suffering from ill treatment at the hands of cruel trainers and heartless stage directors; the cry for mercy comes from the ranches in heat and cold and from food animals suffering in transportation, and in the slaughterhouses where they are killed, or rather murdered, and the cry is heard from the arena where the rodeos are performed for the sport and pleasure of men. They cry, "How long shall we suffer pain for the pleasure of man?" and their cry must be heard by a Christian world.

EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL

An Annuity Plan

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and the American Humane Education Society will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate of interest or amount of annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees, John R. Macomber, president of Harris, Forbes and Company, Charles G. Bancroft, director of the First National Bank of Boston, and Charles E. Rogerson, president of the Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company, to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds, are a guaranty of the security of such an investment.

Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest, and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals.



EDITOR WILL WELLS OF "THE ENTERPRISE," FAYETTE, IDAHO, SENDS IN THIS PICTURE OF HIS DAUGHTER AND DOG. BOTH ARE TEN YEARS OLD AND THEY GREW UP TOGETHER

Mr. Shaw's Happy Temperament

IN the December *Scribner's Magazine* William Lyon Phelps writes of the happy temperament of George Bernard Shaw and implies that vegetarianism may in part account for it:—

"At a small dinner-party given by Sir James Barrie in his London apartment overlooking the river we had the pleasure of meeting Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Shaw. If I had to describe the temperament of this famous Irishman in one word, I should use the word *happy*. He seemed the happiest man I have met this summer, and I have met many cheerful individuals. He is seventy-two years old, but has the springy alertness of youth not only in his mind, which might be expected, but in his body. As Mr. Service expresses it, he has the mind of a savant in the body of a savage. He is over six feet, spare, active, and agile, so that his voluminous snowy beard seems incongruous, as though it were some histrionic mask. As a rule, beards, unless closely trimmed, look untidy; they are often discolored in various sections, so that the general effect is unattractive. Mr. Shaw's beard, like his hair, is evenly white—it is the *cleanest* beard I ever saw. The whole effect of his clothes, beard, and general appearance is so clean as to look antiseptic, his only resemblance to the members of a profession he so often attacks. I observed that he ate no meat, drank no alcohol, and declined to smoke. Whatever may be true of others, he needs no wine to stimulate his dinner conversation or to elevate his spirit. He is the only person who has ever come anywhere near to converting me to vegetarianism. He is a magnificent advertisement of his dietary doctrines. If abstinence from meat, wine and tobacco can make a man in the seventies so radiantly healthy, buoyant, and resilient, the experiment might be worth trying."

Remember the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in your will.

Canada's Reindeer

N. TOURNEUR

INTRODUCING foreign livestock on a large scale does not always meet with the ease and success achieved as a rule hitherto in Australia. Canada's first great experiment in settling reindeer in her great Northland has ended in a rather surprising failure.

Five hundred reindeer were brought from Norway, some time ago, and turned loose in Baffin's Land. High expectations were held that they would thrive on the feeding grounds there, breed among themselves, and provide a source of living to the natives and of general profit to the country. Already the United States, having imported a herd of some 1,200 Siberian (tundras) reindeer into Alaska a year or two ago, is reaping great success out of that venture.

Today, not a trace can be found of the reindeer in Baffin's Land. It is as if they had never been introduced.

A Canadian commissioner, Mr. W. T. Lopp, who has been looking into this rather puzzling outcome of well-directed efforts, states that in his far-ranging and keenly scrutinizing visit throughout Baffin's Land not a trace of the herd was obtained—nor even any traces of any of the animals. The suppositions advanced are that all of them may have been killed by the wolves, starved to death, gone off with the caribou, or have formed food and profit for the Eskimos, notwithstanding the denials by the latter. No matter the cause—the reindeer have vanished.

At the time this project was mooted there were some who averred that the plains of Baffin's Land do not and cannot grow enough of the mosses on which the reindeer live. It was pointed out also that the reindeer of Norway are not the most suitable for such a venture.

With the proved success of reindeer ranching in Alaska, there ought not to be any obstacle in introducing a like industry as great and profitable upon the vast northern territory of Canada—provided there is the right management and proper selection of species and management. And the Americans claim that two men of reasonable activities are enough staff to look after some 8,000 deer in ordinary circumstances.

Meantime, in the Northland trappers and others keep a sharp lookout for any of the missing five hundred Norwegians.

It is exceedingly seldom that a great state experiment meets with such utter failure and mystery as to its failure as this venture in Baffin's Land.

"For supper," said the wittiest woman of her day, Madame Defland, "is one-quarter of the chief duty of man. I have forgotten what are the other three-quarters." Many wonderful things have come out of suppers where men have broken bread together.

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Special Band of Mercy literature.
 2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
 3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
 4. An imitation gold badge for the president.
- See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Five hundred and eighteen new Bands of Mercy were reported in November, nearly all being in schools. Of these, 193 were in Georgia; 107 in Massachusetts; 71 in Rhode Island; 44 in South Carolina; 34 in Maine; 31 in Virginia; 23 in Illinois; nine in Pennsylvania; and one each in New Hampshire, District of Columbia, Missouri, Arizona, Washington and Canada.

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent-American Society, 169,433

Children and Goats in Navajo Land

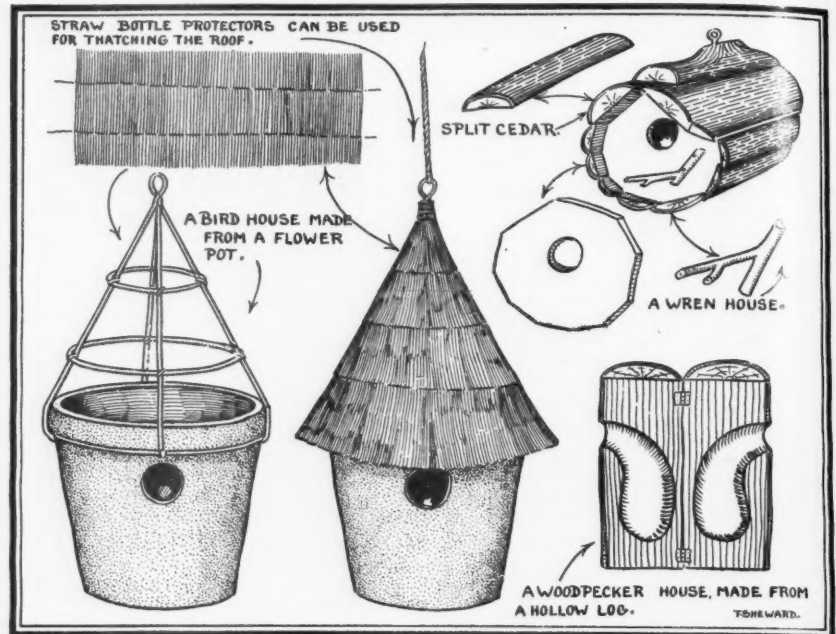
WILLARD D. MORGAN

BABY lambs and goat kids furnish the pets for amusement all the year round. These little Indian youngsters may be seen out in the fields with the big goat and sheep herds or playing around the family dwelling or hogan with the little woolly lambs and kids. During a rain the parents or older children gather in the little wabby-legged creatures with great speed, while the small children take great delight in warming them and also playing with their frisky playmates of the big herd.

There are probably over 20,000 Navajo Indians in Northern Arizona who are self-supporting and own large herds of goats and of sheep. The women, and sometimes the men, use the wool for weaving their beautiful blankets which have become famous all over the country. The children card the wool and prepare it for the spinning. The entire family works toward a common end and all share in the products of their labors. These Indians are very hospitable and generous toward the white man when they know that they are being treated right. The Navajos take very good care of their animals considering the difficulties they often have in obtaining sufficient food and water for their flocks. The family dogs are treated with almost as much importance as the children. Two of the latter are shown here with their sprightly four-footed playmates.



NAVAJO CHILDREN AND THEIR WOOLLY FRIENDS



Bird-Houses for the Garden

MANY birds do valuable work in the garden by destroying insects and grubs, so it is a good plan to encourage them by placing bird-houses in different parts of the garden, writes Thomas Sheward in *The Flower Grower*.

Bird-houses must be made to suit the different birds that are to use them.

The woodpecker prefers a deep box, or hollow log, made as illustrated, and hinged for cleaning. The log is hollowed out with a wood chisel.

A very good bird-house can be made from a flower pot and thatched with straw, grass, or cedar bark. Straw bottle protectors make a good roof, as shown. The hole is chipped or cut through with a sharp tool, an old inch bit being useful for making it neatly.

The wren house is made from split cedar branches.

These little bird-houses are very popular, and are used in great quantities all over America. When well made they sell for \$2 each.

A Deer's Great Adventure

C. E. HOWARD

A FEW weeks ago Mr. R. Golding, proprietor of an inn on the coast near Santa Monica, California, saw something that looked like an animal swimming quite a distance out in the ocean. With two neighbors he put forth in a boat and on nearing the object made out that it was a deer. The poor thing had submerged until only its ears and nostrils were projecting above the surface, while the seagulls hovered about, darting at and pecking it. When the boat came up, the trusting animal immediately headed directly for it, as if it knew those human beings would help it out of its predicament. Its faith was not misplaced, we are glad to say. With a great deal of effort and trouble the three people did succeed in hauling the deer into their boat and took it ashore, where they gave it into the charge of some game wardens, who transported it up into Topanga canyon nearby and turned it loose. Why or how this deer ever came to be a mile out in the ocean no one will ever know, but it certainly must have had a wonderful tale to tell its companions next day!

Junior Work in New Zealand

Literature from the American Humane Education Society, as well as from other organizations in this country, was gratefully received by the S. P. C. A. in Auckland, New Zealand, for distribution during Animal Welfare Week, observed there in October. The Auckland Society published an attractive four-page leaflet for the occasion which was circulated in 865 schools in the Province, resulting in many applications for membership in the Junior League. The annual subscription to the Junior Branch is one shilling.

Free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital may be endowed by individuals. Seventy-five dollars a year for a horse stall, thirty-five dollars a year for a kennel. Stalls and kennels are marked with the names of the donors.

CHILDREN'S PAGE



The Witch of Rockenberg

This is the picture of Lotte Möller with her dog, Hexe von Rockenberg, the Witch of Rockenberg. This charming little child and her pets live far away in Bad Nauheim, Germany. The picture comes to us through two of the best friends our Society has ever had and who know and love both Lotte and her four-footed chums.

Chickadee

MARIE BARTON

THE neatest, trimmest little bird I know
Calls out through winter sun, through sleet and snow:
"Dee, dee, dee!" So cheerily—
"Dee, dee, dee!" So prettily—
Sweet chick-a-dee, dee, dee!

In soft gray coat and cap of saucy black
Wee traveler, I am glad to see you back
Singing Dee, dee, dee! to me—
Dee, dee, dee! So daintily—
Brave little chickadee!

I tie a bit of suet to a string
And watch you peckle at the wobbly thing;
But first you lift your head so reverently
And say to God just Dee, dee, dee!
You thankful chickadee!

And now I hear two feathered little throats
Pour out their cheery little thank-you notes:
Dee, dee, dee! Waking the trees—
Dee, dee, dee! Brightening the breeze—
Two darling little chickadees!

The Gate Where One Tarries

ONE of the gateways in the temple grounds at Nikko, in Japan, is called The Gate Where One Tarries All Day. It is indeed well named, for one can spend many hours in studying the intricate designs of its carvings. No other building there surpasses it in beauty. It is supported by twelve great round wooden columns which are carved and painted white. So that the structure may not be too perfect and thus displease the gods and bring evil on the house, the carving on one pillar is done inversely to the pattern on the other pillars. This is called the "evil averting pillar."

On other parts of the structure there are carvings of groups of children at play, birds, animals, old Chinese sages, dragon heads, and many other things. The roof is supported by great gilt dragonheads, with gaping throats painted red. From the top of the roof a great gilt demon looks down as if to keep off any evil that might approach.

—Firelight

"Prince"

MRS. GRETA G. BIDLAKE

TWELVE years ago or so there lived, in the vicinity of King Street East at St. John, New Brunswick, a young collie named "Prince." He loved children and as the family to which he belonged had none he devoted himself to the youngsters of the neighborhood and was especially fond of the smaller ones whose playmate he became on all occasions. One day an unconcerned wee toddler strayed out on the street car tracks in front of an oncoming car that was just taking the curve around the corner into Pitt Street. Prince saw the child's danger and rushed to the rescue. Seizing its clothing in his teeth he dragged the wee fellow back to the sidewalk to the great admiration of the few passing spectators.

From this time on the freedom of the city was his—at least as far as he was known. He became a community dog, getting his meals from house to house and sleeping at home or not just as he liked. In time his owner moved to another part of the city but Prince chose to remain where he was and attached himself to the householder having the largest number of children. Meals he got anywhere he happened to be and if no other place offered he was always sure of a place to sleep in the shed of his householder friend. He had all sorts of lunches, too, that he got by arriving on people's doorsteps at likely hours and looking hungry. Fat grew thick over his ribs, more shaggy and unkempt his coat, more portly his mien. Everybody was fond of him and he was always sure of a kind word, a friendly pat and a substantial portion of food from whatever resident he happened to attach himself to at the moment. If that wasn't quite prompt enough he found his way to the city market there to receive certain choice scraps saved for him by his stall-keeper friends.

For years he lived this happy existence, good natured and lovable to all and befriended by all in return. Age crept on and sickness overtook him. His friends cared for him and he recovered. But in time the incurable ailments of actual old age set in. None could bear to lose him while life was at all comfortable for him, but there came a day when he could no longer rise. The benefactor with whose children he had chosen to stay took him, when that time came, to the Animal Rescue League and sorrowfully bade him goodby.

So Prince passed on, beloved and respected by a host of friends, a hero, and a gentleman among his kind.

New Medals Offered in 1929 Poster Contest

Angell Medallions with Blue and Red Ribbons Given as Prizes by Massachusetts S. P. C. A.



POSTER BY EIGHTH GRADE PUPIL

ESPECIALLY to encourage pupils who have been awarded one or more of the special poster medals of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. in recent contests, the Society this year has brought out a medal of entirely new form and design, as shown in the accompanying illustration. It contains a medallion in bronze, of George Thorndike Angell, founder of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., the American Humane Education Society, and the American Band of Mercy. On the reverse is inscribed: "Presented by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." These medals, with blue ribbons, will be offered as first prizes, and with red ribbons, as second prizes, in the Humane Poster Contest for 1929, open to pupils in High and Grammar grades above the third, in all the public and parochial schools of Massachusetts.

Last year 699 medals were awarded. A similar number of the new medals will be given this year. Honorable mentions, including one year's subscription to *Our Dumb Animals*, will be given in every school entering the contest. The results will be announced during the Be Kind to Animals Anniversary, April 15-20.

The posters should illustrate kindness to animals, preferably with some brief motto, but each poster should tell its own story in the picture. *Originality counts. Designs and mottoes should vary from year to year.*



THE NEW MEDAL

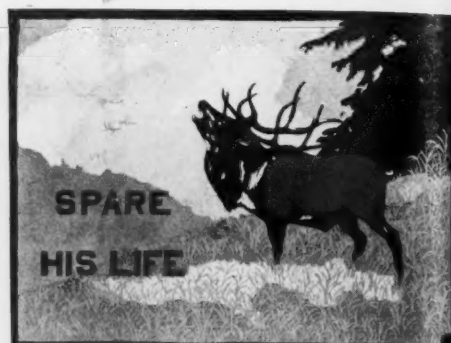
Drawings may be pencil or crayon, pen and ink, cut-out paper (original, not magazine covers, etc.), or silhouette, water-color or charcoal. The use of colors is strongly recommended.

Drawings, on cardboard or heavy paper, **MAY BE NOT LESS THAN 12 x 18 inches, NOR MORE THAN 18 x 24 inches**, and should be **SHIPPED FLAT**, to reach the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. not later than April 1, 1929, preferably earlier.

Teachers are requested to submit only the best work of each school, and to limit the number to five from each room.

All posters receiving a medal or Honorable Mention become the property of the Society. Other posters will be returned only if request is made at time of sending and return postage enclosed, or arrangements made to call.

The name of the contestant, name and address of the school, and the number of the grade, with the name of the teacher, must be



POSTER BY EIGHTH GRADE PUPIL

plainly written in the upper-right corner on the back of each poster. The full home address of the pupils should be given, also, in order that we may know where to send subscriptions to those winning Honorable Mention.

Supervisors of drawing who send in a number of posters from each school, or room, are requested to send a list of the posters submitted, with the name of school, room and grade, plainly marked.

Prize-winning posters will be exhibited in the Boston Public Library during the Be Kind to Animals Anniversary, April 15-20.

Address all posters to the Secretary, Massachusetts S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Be Kind to Animals Anniversary

The fifteenth national observance of Be Kind to Animals Anniversary will take place April 15-20, 1929. The Humane Sunday observance will fall on April 14.

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. is planning to send a new pamphlet of exercises, to be known as "The Humane Bulletin," to teachers in grade schools for use on Humane Day in Schools, April 12. Copies of this pamphlet will be mailed to any address at 10 cents each, or \$1.00 per dozen.



POSTER BY EIGHTH GRADE PUPIL

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office: 180 Longwood Avenue. Address all communications to Boston.

TERMS

One dollar per year. Postage free to any part of the world.

Humane Societies and Agents are invited to correspond with us for terms on large orders.

All dollar subscriptions sent direct to the office entitle the sender to membership in either of our two Societies.

RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN

THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY OR THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

Active Life	\$100 00	Associate Annual	\$5 00
Associate Life	50 00	Branch	1 00
Active Annual	10 00	Children's	1 00

For each five dollars contributed to either Society, the giver is entitled to have two copies of *Our Dumb Animals* additional to his own, sent for one year to any persons whose addresses are mailed to us.

Checks and other payments may be sent to ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.



POSTER BY PUPIL IN THE FOURTH YEAR OF HIGH SCHOOL

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